WEEKLY VISITOR; OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

[VOL. IV. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1806. No. 41.]

THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE AUTHOR OF "*ABALLINO.*"

(Continued.)

THEY reached their camp in safety. Full of security, the count Berodsko and his agent rose the next morning, joyously from their tents, inspected the preparations for the ensuing battle, and saluted the officers who were to bear a distinguished part in the honour of the day. Spies were sent out to watch the motions of the enemy, who soon returned with an account that a strange inactivity, as well as confusion seemed to prevail in the camp of Malcar, where, in fact, every thing was deranged by the sudden and extraordinary disappearance of the Baron:—his officers could not act without his orders, and without the assistance of his troops, Malcar was incompetent to attack or repel.

In this dilemma, Malcar immediately proposed to Lianskoi to take the government of his father's domains, till some intelligence could be ascertained respecting him. "O my friend, my father's ally!" said Lianskoi, "could I assume the right of reigning in my father's stead to the prejudice of my elder brother? How should I acquit myself to Woronof or Berodsko, if I seized his government? Would it not look like a conspiracy to remove him? Is not justice a first law? I will perish with you, if my father be found and resume the command; but the fame of Lianskoi must not be tarnished by a shadow of injustice: and all that I can consent to, is a truce for three days, during which, if he return not, my foreboding heart tells me that he has been treacherously murdered!"

The greatness of Lianskoi's sentiments charmed Malcar; at the same time he strongly replied, that in consequence of Berodsko's succession, he must himself become a sacrifice.

'Not so!' replied Lianskoi—'While I submit to what is my duty, you shall not be made a sacrifice: the terms of peace shall be the uninterrupted security of your dominions and person, and an amnesty for whatever is past.'—Malcar could no longer oppose this security, and a proposal for a truce was sent to the enemy, to last three days, during which rewards were offered for the Baron, dead or alive. All that could be gathered was, that the Baron had been seen to leave his tent with a hooded friar; but whither he had gone, no one knew: whence it was conjectured that he had fallen in some ambush of the enemy, or had been murdered by banditti.

At the expiration of the truce, no farther intelligence having been received, the melancholy disappearance of the Baron was announced in form, by an envoy, and terms of a mutual amnesty and peace, were proposed as prepatory to Berodsko's interrupted succession; these were acceded to, and ratified by young Lianskoi, as the guarantee of Malcar.

The armies being drawn off, Berodsko marched to take possession of his new government; among the first acts of which, was sending his brother upon an embassy to the court of Denmark. To ingratiate himself with the people, he doubled all the former rewards for the discovery of his father, and the detection of the friar who had accompanied him, for the rest of whose soul, a solemn mass was said in the high cathedral church. Still the public entertained hopes that the body would be found; and Berodsko, in compliance with the general wish, and to secure himself against the evil which would result from his father's death not being satisfactorily ascertained, determined with Barbaro that it should, not only to destroy the hopes of pretenders to the throne, but that he might by a sumptuous funeral, pay that respect to his memory which he had so unnaturally failed in, during his life. The third day after the horrid deed, Berodsko and Barbaro, disguised, mounted their horses, and rode to the fatal spot, which they reached about midnight; intending to un-earth the body, and transport it to such a situation, that the next state messengers they sent in that direction, should, as it were, accidentally discover the murdered prince. Having fastened their horses to a neighbouring tree, they descended—they advanced to the brink of the grave, into

which, the next step he took, precipitated him. It was palpable that the body was not there, and they stood confounded!—A meteor of light burst over their heads, and shewed to each other their pallid countenances, which seemed mutually to enquire, Who has seen and removed the body? With what view has it been done? How can the discoverers of the dead be detected, and the guilt of the assassination be placed on them? Had Lianskoi done this?—but that was impossible, as he had been sent to them as a hostage on the morning of the Baron's disappearance, and he had been too closely watched till his appointment to the supposed embassy, to receive, or even to communicate intelligence to any one.

Such were the thoughts which agonized their minds all the way back to the royal castle of Norgod, which they entered on the following morning by a dark avenue in the private garden, of which, Berodsko had the key. A month elapsed, and suspicion had hitherto been silent as to the real perpetrator's, or even the manner of the Baron's death, and which the energetic measures of Berodsko and his minister, had wholly removed from themselves.

An important source of alarm springing out of an unforeseen cause, now tended more than all that had transpired, to create terror in the breast of the new chief. In conformity with custom, and the more fully to display his magnificence and amicable disposition, Berodsko resolved to give a superb entertainment on his accession. All the great men of the country, with their ladies, were invited, as well as the neighbouring Boyars, who were either rivals or overawed by the power of the new prince. Among the latter, Malcar, from motives of policy and good understanding, attended with his daughter, the young, the elegant, and the accomplished Seraphia.

This fascinating epitome of excellence and affection, immured by her father in his castle, from a fear of her making an improper choice, or exciting the desire of some unprincipled chief, had long yielded her heart to the manly perfections and reciprocal esteem of young Lianskoi. It has been before stated, that Malcar would have had Liansko assert his right to his father's possessions; and had he become unfixed on the throne, the union would have cemented his own security, and his daughter's happiness—an anticipation which he yet hoped the tyrannical temper of Berodsko, would finally effect. In the present instance, he was compelled to dissemble.

Reluctantly, therefore, did Malcar introduce his daughter, for the first time, at a court, the gaiety and splendour of which, were but ill suited to that pensive retirement she had indulged in, since the absence and inexplicable silence of Lianskoi.—Here she had no wish to attract any eye but his, and his, alas! were not there! Fate seemed to have increased the loveliness of her looks by their diffidence, and the blushes that suffused her cheeks and bosom! Her rich, but unstudied dress, that displayed at every turn, the elegance of her shape—her smiles, which disclosed teeth as white as the robe of innocence—her full blue eyes and silken hair—were points that placed those ladies who might have disputed with her for the palm of beauty, at an infinite distance.

At a first sight, the heart of the ferocious Berodsko was taken in the toils of Love; and in the most gallant manner, taking her by the hand to the vacant seat arranged by the side of his own, he observed, that Beauty ought to be seated by the side of Power.

Seraphia shuddered as he took her by the hand; and in a faltering manner begged to decline an honour which she was too young to fill with propriety, and too unassuming to be envious of. Her modesty made her the more enchanting: he endeavoured to draw her into conversation; but how insipid and spiritless were her remarks and replies, till he touched upon the theme of his brother's absence, and lamented that he could not be present on the occasion: her tongue seemed to have recovered its dormant powers, and she added her regrets to his, with an energy he did not approve.

At length the ball commenced, when Berodsko solicited her hand; but she complained of indisposition, and requested leave to retire.—She was on the point of rising up, when the saloon was instantly filled with the whisper of surprise at the sudden entrance of young Lianskoi, who rushed at the foot of the throne, and was enfolded in the arms of his brother, whose looks were strongly at variance with that cordiality his presure seemed to evince.

"Justice!" exclaimed Lianskoi, "I demand justice!—By your direction, most noble brother, I stopped at the fortress of Glutz, to inspect the fortifications: in vain did I shew my commission to the court of Denmark, in vain did I threaten the governor with your vengeance: I was detained, threatened, imprisoned in a high tower, and insolently treated by the Governor, who dared, great Heaven! to brand me with the name of parricide, and calumniate you, my brother, in saying that he acted from high authority. By a desperate leap into the river which flows under the angle of the fortress where I was confined, have I effected my liberty, and flown hither on this auspicious evening to tell my wrongs, and claim your public disavowal of that lawless act by which I have been slandered and detained!"

Berodsko gave his royal word that the affair should be investigated: and now Lianskoi turned to the side where sat the amiable Seraphia, who scarcely waited for his look, before she precipitated herself in his arms.—The gloom of her visage in a moment disappeared; the sunshine of her countenance broke forth in all its native lustre, and, as he asked Berodsko's permission to dance with her, she pressed his hand with an energy that could not escape the lowering eye of the tyrant.

"Ah!" said Berodsko to himself, "shall I see her snatched from me by a boy, who has just escaped from his dungeon? Am I the first in power, and shall I be secondary in love? No!—the promptitude of my soul shall soon terminate this uncertainty. It is plain that Lianskoi loves her; and does not Berodsko? I will, ere the night be passed, demand her of her father; and if he refuse, her terror for his fate shall do that which persuasion may not effect!"

With malicious looks, Berodsko saw that all the favour he had been suing for at the side of this lovely, peerless maiden, were unhesitatingly granted to his brother, and such an arch plausibility of excuse that it was impossible to refuse, without exposing his disappointment and vexation.

"Let me share in the *particular joy*," said Seraphia, "which the great Berodsko feels for the unexpected arrival of his imprisoned brother!"

"Disappointed in a partner for the dance," said Lianskoi, "my brother will indulge me with that of this fair lady, whose form seems equal to every excellence."

Berodsko, with a satirical tone, left it to the lady's choice, and that was decided as soon as his permission was uttered. Lianskoi led the lovely girl to the mazy round, where, as if inspired by the presence of her lover, or she had reserved all her allurements to wound still deeper the heart of Berodsko, she displayed a dignity and luxuriance of motion, which he devoured with avidity:—in vain did he remove from the fascinating object to forget her, while the whisper every where ran, "What a figure! what grace! what sweetness!"

"It must be so!" exclaimed Berodsko inwardly, "I must—I will have her; and Barbaro must decide upon the measures to be pursued!"

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

The following *mighty good remarks* I have transcribed for your useful miscellany.—I doubt not but they will prove acceptable to your female readers, yours, S.

MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF PEOPLE.

They are generally those who have no distinguishing talent, and yet are not disagreeable; whom every body respects, but nobody admires, or envies. They are very harmless; no one fears from them a smart repartee, or the retort courteous; and they do well, if by this nothingness of character, they escape being occasioned (like Sir John Falstaff) the cause that there is wit in other men.

. . . . . We exclude the mighty good kind of people from any dominion; we owe no fealty to them. We respect them because they are *mighty good*; but, in order to be feared or beloved, they must be mighty *clever*, smart, lively, and contribute largely to the entertainment of the company.

. . . . . *A mighty good kind of a woman* may escape, unnoticed, in a company of wits, from her unobtrusive manner; but a wit, among a company of *mighty good kind of women*, would soon find herself in a very awkward situation. Her wit would avail her nothing, because it would not be understood. Her repartees would be useless, because she would have nobody to answer. She would be obliged to descant upon the weather, and deplore the failure of the wheat. But is the wit without any resource in this case? Must she die unrevenged for such a *humdrum* evening as this? Yes, she hath glorious revenge in store; for she goes next night into a company of wits; there she recapitulates the business of the preceding night; and, with the addition of some imaginary touches, and some well-executed mimicry, sets the table in a roar, at the expence of her tormentors. She plays with her fan, like one of them; twists her apron string like another; looks prim and starched like a third; blows upon her tea like a fourth; takes ideal snuff, from an imaginary box, like a fifth; and, at last, concludes with hobbing, like Mrs. Deborah Hipgout; adding, by way of qualification, that they are *mighty good kind of people*, only one would not wish to be often with them.

. . . . . *Mighty good kind of people*, however, to a considerate mind, never can be objects of contempt; they may have qualities that are useful and solid, though not shining and attractive. In them we may find *friendship*, if not *wit*; and they may offer us the kindest consolation, at a time when we are not susceptible of the pleasures of society.

Communicated for the Weekly Visitor.

ANECDOTE.

"A well-chosen anecdote frequently reveals a character more happily, than an elaborate delineation, as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light."

D'Israeli.

IRISH READY WIT.

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities, and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity, and the General's patience, were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman begun—"Agh! my lady: success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all the days of the year, for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco!"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of the contrary?"

"Do they so? *plase* your honour," rejoined the old woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a *bon mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

A DRUNKARD

Is an annoyance of Modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason; the brewers agent; the Ale-wife's benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constables trouble: his *wife's woe*; his children's sorrow; his neighbour's scoff; his own shame; the picture of a beast; and a Monster of a man.

IRISH BULLS.

After a battle between two celebrated pugilists, an Irishman made his way to the chaise, where the one who had lost the battle, had been conveyed, and said to him—"How are you, my gay fellow? *Can you see at all with the eye that's knocked out?*"

'I hate cats almost as much as old women,' exclaimed an Hibernian in a coffee house; 'and if I had been the English minister, I would have laid the *dog-tax* upon *them*.'

An Hibernian at Buxton declared that *no English hen ever laid a fresh egg*.

The author of the "Secret History of the court of St. Cloud," speaking of the expense attending the coronation of the French Emperor, says,

The expenses of Buonaparte's journey to Milan, and his coronation there (including also those of his attendants, from France) amounted to no less a sum then fifteen millions of livres; (625,000*l.*) of which, one hundred and fifty thousand livres (6,000*l.*) were laid out in fireworks; double that sum in decorations of the royal palace and the cathedral; and three millions of livres (125,000*l*) in presents to different generals, grand officers, deputations, &c. The poor also shared his bounty; medals to the value of fifty thousand livres (2100*l.*) were thrown out among them on the day of the ceremony, besides an equal sum given by Madame Napoleone to the hospitals and orphan houses. These last, have a kind of hereditary or family claim on the purse of our sovereign, their parents were the victims of the Emperor's first step towards *glory* and *grandeur*.

—

A woman is said to have been at the head of the first plot against Napoleone, since his proclamation as an emperor of the French. She called herself Charlotte Encore; but her real name is not known. In 1803, she had lived and furnished a house at Abbeville, where she passed for a young widow of property, subsisting on her rents. About the same time, several other strangers settled there, but though she visited the principal inhabitants, she never publicly had any connexion with the new comers.

In the summer of 1803, a girl at Amiens, some say a real enthusiast of Buonaparte's, but, according to others, engaged by Madame Buonaparte to perform the parts she did, demanded, upon her knees, in a kind of paroxysm of joy, the happiness of embracing him; in doing which, she fainted, or pretended to faint away, and a pension of three thousand livres (125*l.*) were settled on her for her affection.

Madame Encore, at Abbeville, to judge of her discourse and conversation, was also an ardent friend and well-wisher of the Emperor; and when, in July, 1804, he passed through Abbeville, in his journey to the coast, she also threw herself at his feet, and declared that she would die content, if allowed the honour of embracing him. To this he was going to assent, when Duroc, stepped between them, seized her by the arm, and dragged her to an adjoining room, whither Buonaparte, near fainting from the sudden alarm his friend's interferance had occasioned, followed him, trembling. In the sleeve of Madame Encore's gown was found a stiletto, the point of which was poisoned. She was the same day transported to Paris, under the inspection of Duroc, and imprisoned in the temple. In her examination, she denied having any accomplices, and she expired on the rack without even telling her name. The sub-prefect at Abbeville, the once famous Andre Dumont, was ordered to disseminate a report that she was shut up, as insane, in a mad-house.

FROM THE EMERALD.

THE MORALIZER;

A FABLE,

Translated from the French.

There was once a reformer of morals, a decided admirer of greatness in sentiment. He counselled and consoled the afflicted. All his neighbours looked up to him as a great man, and listened to his precepts as laws. Had any one been robbed? had any one sustained the loss of a child or a wife? was innocence attacked and borne down by oppression? These were things of course, and to believe him were not evils.

This philosopher had a young wife. She was beautiful How small a thing! in the eyes of a lover a dowdy is a goddess. But death has little respect for love, and keeps no account of years, striking without discrimination, the old and the young. Death seized in youth the wife of our philosopher. He, alas! beats his breast, rends his hair, and cries aloud till the air resounds with his clamor. His neighbours assemble, and surround him. Remember, dear moralizer, say they, what you yourself have said to us.—When I gave you lessons, replied he, when I *then* offered consolation, it was *you* who had lost wives, but *now*—it is *mine* who is dead. X.

Who keeps his promise punctually, and promises nothing but what he had the power and the will to keep, is as prudent as just.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

FROM

Curiosities of Literature.

I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

At the foot of the throne stood the queen of Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of Nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which was the natural, and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers, and glazed paintings! The honour of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and lighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins shook their heads in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitable the colours may be laid on. This, applied to the *Ladies*, would give it pungency.

Who, at every promise intends to perform more than his promise, and can depend on the sincerity of his will, is more than prudent and just.

EXTRACT FROM

THE LAY PREACHER.

"*What aileth thee?*"

IN morning and devious rambles, thro' lonely pasture, or gloomy wood, far from the jocund chorus of Music's songs, I met a meagre, and moping hypochondriac. His temples do not throb, but they are bound, not with the chaplets of Spring, but with a white handkerchief, the flag of head-ach, and of spleen. The day is genial; for it is one of the mildest in May; but doubled and trebled stockings on his legs, thick vests closely buttoned over his bosom, and a ponderous great coat, enveloping the man, attest the nature and magnitude of his fears. He shivers at a zephyr, impregnated with flowers, and when all nature is warm, he dreads taking cold. What a disease, and what stubborn symptoms, which acknowledge no cause! I have a right to say 'no cause,' for well I know the fate and fortunes of this Splenetic. The first is happy, and the other ample. Blest with birth, with talents, with family, with favour, have not I a privilege to enquire of him, with more than common curiosity, *what aileth thee?* why is thy countenance cast down? why is thy brilliant spirit troubled?

What aileth thee? O selfish bachelor! Why still immure thyself in the cold prison of celibacy? Why shun the conversation and the charms of the fair? Why not abandon the humdrum associate, the solitary pipe, and the lonely chimney corner, and mingle, like thy fellows, in the society of the sex? Does thy gloomy humour comport with pleasure, comport with interest? No; thy joy is sullen, and thy fortune neglected. Arise then, and go out, and inquire fearlessly of some fair Rebecca of the land, Wilt thou go with me? and, be assured, if, like Jacob of old, thou art a patient kind, and persevering lover, her frank answer will be like that of her ancient namesake, I will go.

[The following beautiful poem was transcribed for the Port Folio; It is from the pen of Mr. Moore, the well known translator of the Odes of Anacreon]

LOVE AND REASON.

'TWAS in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthened shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a path-way not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love,
"The sun was made for more than you,"
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits, and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone, and odour faded!

But now the sun in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains,
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said,
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

FRENCH INGENUITY.

A MODERN ANECDOTE.

A Frenchman went to a rich Jew, and told him he wished to exchange a number of dollars for Louis d'ors, which he was under the necessity of immediately procuring. The Jew, after bargaining to his own advantage, consented, and promised the gold should be ready the following day. At the appointed hour, the Frenchman came with his bag, which having holes in the sides, and near the top, suffered some dollars to be seen. The gold being counted and weighed, he presented an empty bag, in which, it was put.

Just at this moment, when the dollars were to be examined, a friend entered in great haste, and called him away on urgent business. However, he left not only the bag supposed to contain the gold, but also the bag supposed to contain the dollars, and said he would return in two hours to see them counted; desiring, in the mean time, they might be locked in the Jew's bureau.

The two hours elapsed, and the Frenchman did not make his appearance, but the Jew, thinking himself safe, was unwilling to unlock the bureau, till the Frenchman should be present. At length, another hour having glided away, he began to say to himself:—"Is it possible that I can have been cheated?" The very question was alarming to any man, and especially to a money-changer. The first anxiety of the Jew, led him to the supposed bag of gold; this he untied, and discovered that the bag containing the gold had been exchanged for one which was full of leaden counters. He scarcely needed to have enquired further; however, he opened the bag of silver, and found himself equally deceived.

He hastened to go and acquaint the police; but when he came to an outward door that led to his apartment, it was locked and bolted. The Frenchman had post-horses prepared, and had instantly taken flight; but, when they were at a certain distance, they were guilty of some imprudent delay; and, after the Jew had obtained his release, the vigilance of the pursuit was so great, that the Frenchman against whom, the Jew had deposed, was taken.

During his imprisonment at Amsterdam, his behaviour and abilities were equally remarkable. By the aid of burned turf and straw, he drew the siege of Mantua on the walls, and Buonaparte on horseback, heading the French armies.

While the executioner was whipping him, he spoke of the magistrates in the most contemptuous terms. "What," said he, "is my crime compared to theirs? I have but cheated a Jew; a vile fellow, who has become rich by cheating; while the wretches who condemn me to this ignominious punishment, have betrayed and sold their country." He was afterwards branded; and at the moment of inflicting the mark, he cried aloud, *Vive, la Republique!*

From the Ev. Post.

A REFLECTION.

I heard the injur'd maid complain,
O man's seducing wiles;
And pity only sooth'd her strain,
And tears o'erflow'd her smiles.

I saw the mourning bride in tears,
Bend o'er her lover's tomb;
Her life was misery's blighted years,
And death her early doom.

I saw bright genius' favour'd son
In tattered garb and poor;
And he was ne'er by affluence won—
He perish'd at her door.

Their path was virtue's righteous way,
Their lives were filled with care;
And yet I see the rich, the gay,
Secure in vice appear.

But sure, if virtue mourns awhile,
In this dark vale below;
She'll flourish, when the wicked's smile
Is lost, in endless woe.

ODERON.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 2.

Extract of a letter, just received from Boston, by the Ed. of the Ev. Post.

"This day (August 4th) an unhappy fracas took place on 'Change between Mr. Thomas O. Selfridge and Charles Austin, son of the supposed editor of the Chronicle. Mr. Selfridge, after receiving repeated blows, *shot him through the heart.* The particulars I will give in my next. The immediate source of the recountre, was the posting advertisement of Austin Senior, by Selfridge, in the Boston Gazette of this day."

"The following is the advertisement also:

AUSTIN POSTED.

Benjamin Austin, Loan Officer, having acknowledged that he has circulated an infamous falshood concerning my professional conduct, in a certain cause, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman, in similar cases:—I do hereby publish said Austin as a COWARD, a LIAR, and a SCOUNDREL; and if said Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of the charge, he shall be silenced by the most irrefragable proof.

THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE.

Boston August 4 1806.

Forgeries, to an immense amount, are said to have been committed in this city, [Philadelphia] and the principle actor is said to be Mr. Robert Morris—and that he has fled. *Aurora.*

Our city inspector reports the death of 47 persons, during the last week, viz.—Consumption 4, convulsions 3, hives 2, whooping cough 3, worms 2, cholera morbus, dropsy, epilepsy, fever putrid, lock-jaw, palsy, pleurisy, king's evil, small pox, sore-throat, spitting of blood, sudden death, suicide by laudanum, teething, of each one—infantile flux 11, debility 2, and decay 3.

Correspondence, &c.

"Lucetta's" communication we received—We have deferred its publication, in the hope that the lady will review it. Its present form, would hardly warrant its publicity.

"T. C's" communication shall be attended to.

"Lines to a young lady" would gain the author little credit—We withold them for his benefit.

Several pieces necessarily deferred.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John S. Parsons, merchant, of St. Pierres, to Miss Sally Lawrence, of this city.

At Newark, Mr. C. P. Berrian, of this city, to Miss Eliza B. Morris, of the former place.

JUST PUBLISHED.

And for Sale by D. LONGWORTH,

AT THE DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,

NEAR THE THEATRE,

THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS,

A new Comedy, in five acts, by

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DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

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December 14.

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July 19. 3m.

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INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

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He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance; the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Are said to be from the muse of SHAKESPEARE. *There is in them much of the tenderness and simplicity which distinguish his ballads.* [*M. Reg.*

WOULD you be taught, ye feathered throng,
In love's sweet notes to grace your song;
To charm the heart in thrilling lay,
Listen to ANN HATHAWAY.

She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wond'ring stoop and hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann Hath a way.

When envy's tongue, and rancour's tooth,
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth;
And merit to distress betray,
To sooth the soul Ann hath a way.
She hath a way.
Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy,
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

But to my fancy were it given,
To rate her charms; I'd call them heaven;
For tho' a mortal made of clay,
Angels might love Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way so to controul
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And love and truth so to display,
That to be heaven, Ann hath a way.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe....POPE.

SENECA has frequently thoughts happily conceived. This on *anger* is eminently so, 'I wish,' says he, 'that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at its first appearence, so that it might injure but *once:* as, in the case of the Bees, whose sting is destroyed for ever at the first puncture it occasions.

—

How exquisitely tender does TASSO, in one verse, describe his ORLINDO! So much love, and so much modesty, however beautiful they may appear in poetry, the less romantic taste of the modern fine lady may not probably admire—

He desires much, he hopes little, he asks nothing.

—

The Younger PLINY, has this admirable sentiment—That he is a good man, and of strict morals, who pardons every one, as if he himself committed faults every day; and yet, who endeavours to abstain from them, as if he pardoned no one.

—

In the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, Alicia, in the full purpose of destroying her rival, has the following reflection:

Oh Jealousy thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms;
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle nature into bitterness?
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,
Now my changed eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loathe that known face, and sicken to behold her.

—

The most accomplished way of using books at present, is to serve them as some do lords,—learn their *titles*, and then brag of their acquaintance.

—

When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion; as much indeed as, in this effeminate age, would a gallant whose beard should

'Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.'

—

He submst to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

Who without temptation tells a lie, will, without temptation act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptations to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

—

When the Athenian ambassadors returned from Macedonia, they expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at once. The Grecian orator heard these reports with indignation, observing that the first topic of praise belonged to a woman, and the second contained the qualities of a sponge.

—

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece wore, with great parade and ostentation, several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen.

—

Mixture of Pleasure and Pain.

Wherefore is it that, together with all those delightful sensations, to which the sight of a long absent friend gives birth, there is a mixture of something painful? The cause can only be resolved into that appointment, by which it has been fore-ordained, that all human delights shall be qualified and mingled with their contraries.

—

APATHY.

Since I came to years of maturity, (said a person) I never suffered myself to feel either joy or sadness, grief or merriment; but have passed my life in an uniform dullness, and insensibility to all around: And I am thankful that it is so; for, though I never felt love, I have likewise never known hate. Though I am steeled to pity, I am also proof against anger; and I never in my life did any harm, though I never did any good.

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